

Heroes of Yesterday Retread Triumphant Paths of '65 As Great Throngs Cheer

chusetts heavy artillery. Somehow, he explained, as a young newspaper man darted through the lines to learn his identity, he couldn't resist the temptation to get out the uniform he laid away in '65.

It probably would be his last appearance in Washington he added. It would be the last appearance, too, of many of the "other boys," and he felt that someone ought to show the men and women of today how the army of 1865 looked as its men dragged their way up their Capital's main thoroughfare.

"AULD LANG SYNE" BRINGS TEARS.

Just in advance of the veterans, who came from almost every State in the Union for their fourth and what may be their last parade in Washington, marched the red-coated Marine Band, their silver and gold-plated instruments shining resplendent under a smiling October sun. As the band passed Seventh street and Pennsylvania avenue it swung from a patriotic air to "Auld Lang Syne."

The writer of this story looked behind him, and there upon the stand sat a veteran too old and feeble to stand the march up the Avenue. Beside him sat an aged woman, probably the wife who waited while he fought in the sixties. "Auld Lang Syne" brought the tears to this veteran's eyes, and those about him seemed trying to put down a lump which rose in their throats.

The wife clutched his arms, a bit nervously, it seemed, but she said nothing. There are some occasions when words are empty, and this was one of them.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot," blared the leading instruments, as the soldier gazed out across the Avenue, across the heads of the cheering crowds, away down memory's years to the acquaintances of the sixties, most of whom sleep today in cemeteries wide apart, and some of them in graves unmarked.

MANY SIDELIGHTS OF PARADE.

The parade was replete with sidelights of this kind, with little stories that took one's mind away from the mere spectacle to the meaning underneath, that brought realization of the truth of the Persian poet who said of all things human:

"Even this shall pass away."

From a spectacular standpoint the parade was one to delight the eye and thrill the heart. What American can see in battle array the soldiers of today and the soldiers of yesterday without a quickening of the pulse? Who is there of this generation—be he from North or South—who can witness such a review without thanking the God of all wars that things are as they are and the nation has been preserved?

From the time it formed at Peace Monument until it disbanded at Pennsylvania avenue and Eighteenth street, past the Presidential stand, the parade moved with a precision which bore tribute to the actors and the stage directors of the great out-door historical drama.

It presented a panorama of action, of swiftly moving columns, of bands whose airs spurred on the step, of patriotic citizens who have worked for months to make this encampment memorable among all encampments, and of veterans to whom every person present might well have bared his head.

MAJOR PULLMAN AT HEAD.

The parade formed with Major Pullman, astride a white horse, leading a platoon of policemen on handsome bays. It left the Peace Monument shortly after 10 o'clock.

"Here they come," shouted the throngs in the grandstands and along the curbs. Applause swept up the Avenue just in advance of the vanguard of the march of patriots. Spectators leaned expectantly over the grandstand rails, the hundreds in the rear of the ropes pushed forward only to be motioned back by policemen whose patience and resourcefulness were constantly taxed. An ambulance hurried down the sidewalks, its warning whistle denoting some tragedy of the day. Boy Scouts, with long poles, shouted commands in falsetto tones. Mature police officers shoved back impetuous ones unmindful of the necessary restrictions. There was the usual squabble among seat holders who arrived late in the reviewing stands.

But the parade was on, and Washington and the country, by the presence of thousands upon thousands of its grateful citizens, attested to its appreciation of the warriors of the Union cause and the fifty years of domestic peace they had made possible.

Following the mounted police came the band of the famous Fifth Cavalry. It played as only an army band can play on occasions which have to do with soldiery and it was cheered along the line by men who are willing today to join the colors should this nation ever need young blood to take the place of its fighters of fifty years ago.

GENERAL MILES RIDES WITH STAFF.

The grand marshal of the parade, Lieut. Gen. Nelson A. Miles, and his staff swung briskly into view. As the gray hair of this hero of many wars was seen by the vast outdoor audience there was a renewal of spirited cheering. General Miles doffed his hat, bowing to the left and right because of an ovation plainly intended in recognition of his services.

The citizens' escort, headed by Melvin C. Hazen and Robert H. Harper, who rode gracefully restless horses, followed. Most of the men of this escort wore silk hats and long coats, adding a touch of civil life to a military review.

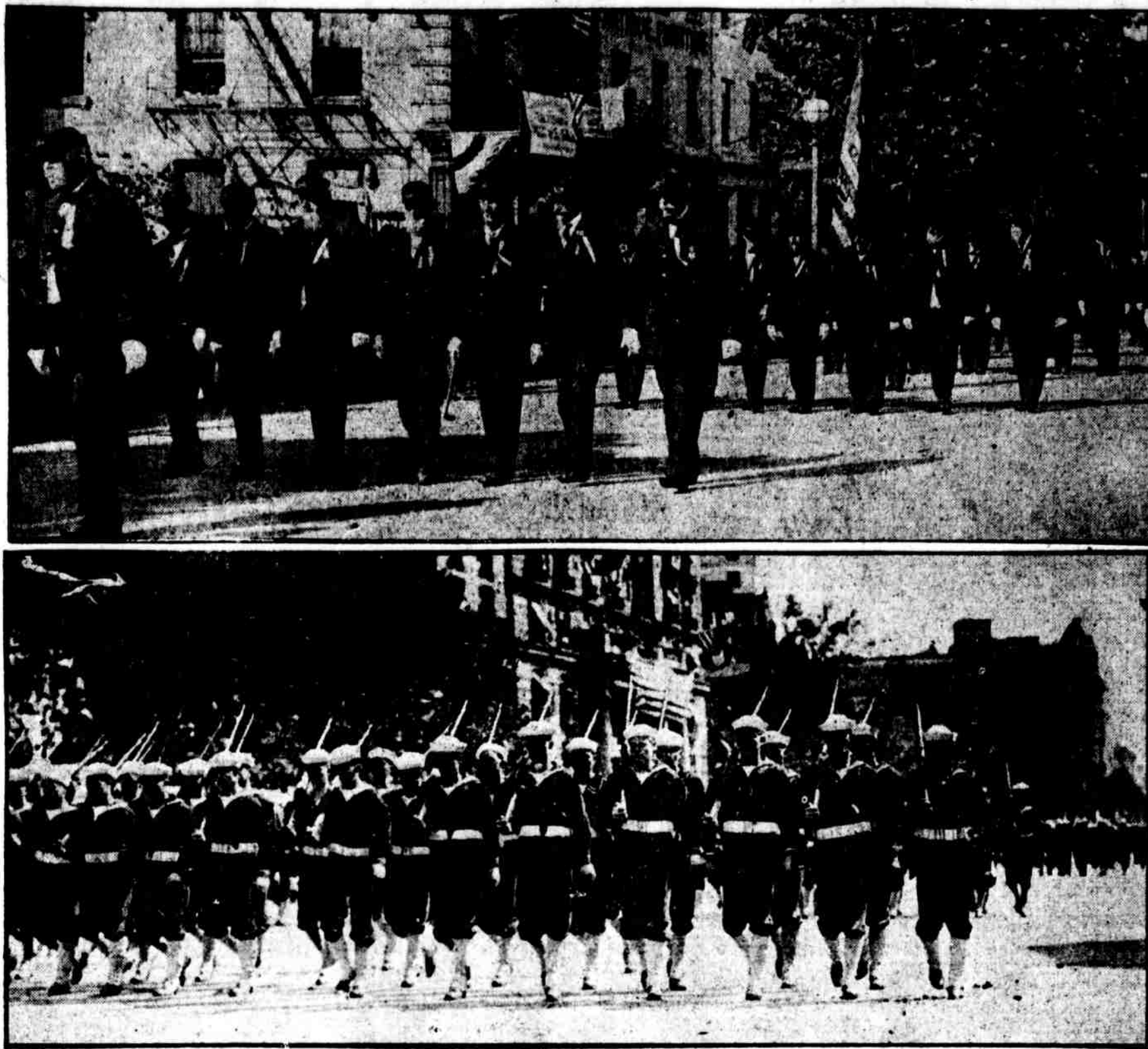
The Fifth Cavalry and Third Artillery, in the blue and gold and the blue and red of the regular troops for parade occasions, lent their colors and their elastic step to the passing scenes. The crowds applauded again, but there was no returning nod of recognition, for the regular soldier looks straight ahead and not to the right nor left.

NAVY BAND PRECEDES TARS.

Preceding the navy escort of nearly 1,000 bluejackets was the United States Navy Band. The bluejackets, marching with the precision of long training, kept step to such martial strains as "Maryland, My Maryland," "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and other marches that have enthused the citizens and the soldiers of a reunited republic.

The National Guard of the District of Columbia, with Brig. Gen. W. E. Harvey and staff leading, next inspired Washingtonians along

PENNSY VETERANS AND JACKIES IN PARADE



Above—Delegation which occupied prominent place in the Pennsylvania section of parade. Below—"Jackies" from the training school at Norfolk.

the line of parade. The District soldiers were led also by the Third Regiment Band and all were in dress uniforms. The civilian soldiers had the swing of the regulars and had it not been for the "D. C." showing on their collars they might have been taken for troops from Fort Myer.

The Third Infantry, first separate battalion, naval battalion, the hospital corps, the signal corps company and Battery A, of the field artillery, constituted the District of Columbia escort.

A bugle and drum corps, Sons of Veterans, preceded the representatives of that patriotic organization which was well represented in the parade. The Sons of Veterans formed the honorary escort for the old soldiers, who marched several blocks behind.

The U. S. Grant Post, of Chicago, marched in advance of Commander-in-chief David J. Palmer, of the G. A. R., who headed the long line of old soldiers. Col. George A. Holsey, chief of staff, and aides, brought up Commander Palmer's rear.

FINALLY COME THE VETERANS.

And then there came the men for whom all the thousands had waited—the veterans of the Union. They marched by States, waving handkerchiefs at friends in the grandstand, keeping step with such music as had sent them into battle, gazing occasionally at the tall buildings which have sprung up since the days when Pennsylvania avenue was a country road and its structures were one-storyed affairs.

The ghosts of Lincoln, Grant, Meade, Sherman, Custer, Logan, and other commanders who have answered to their names above, must have marched with those veterans today. They seemed to feel the presence of these chieftains who fought as they had fought, and were willing to die as any one in the parade today would have died during the travail of the 60's.

It is customary to talk of the "faltering steps" of these old veterans, but somehow there was little that faltered in their gait today. From the followers of "Black Jack" Logan, the Illinois survivors who led off in the procession of States, to the veterans of the District of Columbia, who are spending their last years in the shadow of the Capitol's dome, they marched with a zest denoting a virility which makes one of today understand how gamely they must have struggled a half century ago.

And no man, woman or child who saw that parade could stifle the hope that it may not be the last staged in Washington, the Capital of a Nation of reunion, peace, and prosperity attributable to the men who are its guests today.

G. A. R. VETERANS TO RUN 10-MILE RACE TOMORROW

A ten-mile race between veterans of the G. A. R. will be run at American League Baseball Park tomorrow afternoon at 1:30 o'clock.

Col. J. L. Smith, holder of the ten-mile championship of the G. A. R., will race a relay team, of which Capt. S. W. Barnes, of Pittsburgh, is captain. The members of Captain Barnes' team will be Col. George W. Howe, A. A. Haskell, and B. F. Hoover.

This race is held at each encampment. Various teams have been gotten together in former years and attempted to wrest Colonel Smith's laurels from him, but failed. Captain Barnes thinks the three men he has lined up to run in relays tomorrow "will give Colonel Smith a hustle from the word go."

Captain Barnes is the holder of the 100-mile championship in the G. A. R.

Tears and Cheers As Veterans March

Headed by Lieut. Gen. Nelson A. Miles, a veteran of the civil war, Indian wars and the Spanish-American war, a soldier embodying the warrior of yesterday as well as the chieftain of today, the thin blue line moves along, retracing its steps of fifty years ago. Now, as then, tears mingle with the cheers from a great multitude forming a human line above which waves the Stars and Stripes which led the veterans to victory half a century ago. Now, as then, flowers are strewn in their paths as a nation's homage to them. As the wartime airs of yesterday fill the air, above the veterans flutter the bullet-riddled time-tattered remnants of what were once battle flags and which are now even more dear to the hearts of the warriors than during the hours when the flush of victory crimsoned their cheeks.

As the battling column winds its way toward the review stand, the old soldiers in blue, those innumerable comrades who participated in the grand review with them, but have since answered the final roll call, into their minds are crowded recollections of the stirring scenes which characterized that unmatched pageant of May, 1865.

The grand review has been described as "in numbers bewildering; in history, startling; in character, overwhelming."

The world has seen many imposing military pageants, but not even when Napoleon marched his eagle-bearing legions back to Paris from the wreck of empires, did the hours keep pace with so sweet in unbroken tide along Pennsylvania Avenue for those two wide-arching May days in 1865.

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Today's pageant is in pathetic contrast with that of half a century ago, both in numbers and appearance of the participants, but beneath the uniforms of blue there beat the same stout hearts in which flamed the courage and valor of the stirring days of '61-'65.

When a cannon was fired on the Mall, the veterans who had assembled on the side streets just off Pennsylvania avenue recognized the signal to get ready for the "grand review of 1915." Ten minutes later two cannon boomed, and the grand marshal gave the command forward.

Preceding Lieutenant General Miles rode Major Raymond Pullman and a platoon of mounted police. With the grand marshal rode his assistant marshals, a score or more grizzled veterans who saw service with him in the civil war and have been retired from the regular army. Many men prominent in the army today were also with him.

The personnel of his staff as assistant marshals follow: Col. Chas. B. Baker, Maj. Gen. C. F. Humphrey, Brigadier General Anson Mills, F. D. Baldwin, George F. Chase, J. H. Smith, G. P. Striven, J. L. Clem, Surg. Gen. W. C. Gorgas, Col. Charles C. Walcutt, Nathan Church, F. B. Whorng, John Black, M. M. Parker, Gist Blair and these aides, Lieut. Richard U. Nicholas, Lieut. J. D. Dillow, Capt. Percy L. Jones, Major E. S. Jones, Capt. William Mitchell, Capt. W. T. Merry, Capt. L. P. Williamson, Col. W. W. Brewster, Lieut. John N. Greeley, Capt. George S. Gibbs, Lieut. Comdr. W. W. Galbraith, Lieut. Owen Bartlett, Lieut. R. E. Cross, Lieut. J. C. Brown, Major E. Noble, Major Mothersill, Major William J. Lyster and Orderlies Barteman

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Escort of Citizens.

Following the grand marshal and his assistants and aides rode the citizens' escort, composed of prominent men of Washington who volunteered to ride in the pageant as a mark of compliment to the G. A. R. The escort was headed by Melvin C. Hazen, assistant marshal, and was composed of the following:

J. S. Riche, Chas. H. L. Johnston, Lefter Breitbarth, Bud Evans, F. S. Carnody, John H. Hinkle, Maj. John Doyle Car-Jim Duncan, Chas. J. Columbus, Thomas F. Morgan, F. E. Davis, Joe Levereux, Isaac C. Tucker, J. J. Levereux, Robt. N. Harper, J. J. Levereux, Geo. E. Lebard, H. M. Johnson, W. Keiley, James Keiley, Chas. C. Langley, F. C. Lyman, Clifford Leishaw, Wm. H. L. Johnson, B. E. Leighton, Billie Leishaw, F. W. MacKenzie, Dr. Chas. Campbell, Fred Morten, Ben Prince, Ben V. Reas, Ben Prince, Chas. W. Dennis, William Corcoran, Geo. C. Shaffer, C. O. Whitford, Harry Shannon, C. W. Pack, M. McK. Stowall, E. P. Goucher, E. W. Whittier, W. C. Miller, B. Frank Wright, A. S. Miller, Chas. S. Zurborn, George O. Totten, Russell Baldwin, Foster Causey, Fred Johnson, J. H. Bantam, Harry Blagie, William Ramsey, E. Talbot, R. L. Caplo, Gus Eichberg, Earl E. Krunk, Wm. O. Deal, Ed Lynch, Barney Dougherty, Francis Carmody, Chas. Reckway, R. L. Caplo, J. T. Plunket, Cliff Bantam, L. L. Plunket, George Emmora, B. T. Gaffney, H. L. Walker, C. M. Linn, H. L. Shannon, A. Y. Gray, M. J. Lucha, E. P. Meris, John Slaven, John Slaven, S. J. Gibbs, Albert McKenzie, S. J. Gibbs, John Martin, Sidney Bieber, John Dolph, A. O. Dille, Frank Morris, Norman E. Brooke, Clarence Herrell, Wm. C. H. Harris, G. H. Harris, M. Hamburg, Howard Bradley, Melor Whitaker, Dec. M. Gill, Frank Thysen, Dr. E. M. Brady, Fred McKenzie, Arthur Gaden, Bert Nye, Maurice Otterbach, G. H. Harris, A. E. Riddle, E. P. Brooke, Capt. Dan Chalm, J. E. Latimer, H. F. West, Frank Davis, T. J. Crowell, J. O. Evans, George O. Walson, J. C. Love, C. M. Towers, Chas. S. Zurborn, R. T. Royman, J. H. Gailher, W. G. Gailher, Henry West, W. G. Gailher, J. Schofield, Dr. G. C. Havener, Thomas Bones, S. D. Frazier, Dr. E. M. Colvin, S. D. Frazier, Dan Hale, Clifton Beall, Charles West, Samuel Humphrey, Raymond Norton, S. M. Phillips, Wm. H. Hamilton, Dr. Conrad Weiss, A. Wolf, Dr. F. Bradbury, J. R. Freeman, Dr. R. P. Pyle, Gude Watkins, Dr. J. Chester Pyle, E. E. Hale, Mr. McKay, J. W. Watson, Thompson Brothers, Dr. R. A. Pyle, J. Henry Brown, J. J. Nee, Raymond Pyle, John Fitzpatrick, William E. Hayes, T. M. Jinn, Norman E. Jackson, Perry West, Edward Arnold, A. Belt, W. E. Moore, Col. E. Randle, Walter Stephenson, E. J. Newcomb, Merrell Gailher, J. H. Brewer, P. R. Pullman, Ralph Coffin, T. M. Jones, M. C. Harrover, Franklin Weems, Joseph Weller, Andrew Meyer, Edward Drown, E. N. Mattings, Frank Johnson, A. C. Moses.

Next in line rode two troops of the Fifth Cavalry, followed by the Third Artillery, from Fort Myer, commanded by Col. Wilbur Wilder, and the District militia, headed by Gen. W. E. Harvey, stalwart soldiers, who today visualizing what the Grand Army of the Republic was yesterday, Sons of Veterans and grandsons of veterans, young men, youths, and mere boys formed the official escort for the G. A. R. column.

The Grand Army forms according to the seniority of the posts, Illinois by reason of having been the birthplace of the G. A. R. in 1866, and having organized the first post, headed the column, with the Department of the Potomac, with headquarters in the National Capital, bringing up the rear of the line, because of its being the entertaining department.

State by State they rode in soldierly columns headed by the same drum and fife corps or bands which led them into battle. In the ranks one all but sees the forms of Sherman, Meade, Sheridan, Hancock, and Logan, the daring and dashing commanders who charged into battle with their men and led them triumphantly to the end of the line, because of its being the entertaining department.

The various State delegations in the line wear a variety of uniforms and headgear, but the blue of the Union army predominates. The bronze badge of the G. A. R., which is a treasure among treasures to the veterans, is worn by all, because it is a badge of honor and victory.

Demonstration follows demonstration as they roll their way along the line of march, bowing as the Stars and Stripes are waved by tots, pretty girls, and other hosts of admirers.

Just as the grand review is one continuous ovation to the men who offered up their lives that the Union might be preserved.

The Avenue was roped off to keep back the crowds, but the greatly augmented police force experienced difficulty in keeping out of the paths of the veterans the thousands upon thousands who thronged the sidewalks.

There were crowded to their capacities, every available store, hotel, and office building window was packed with spectators anxious to wave a salute to the marching survivors.

Washington has paid tribute to many bands of marching men, but no ovation has ever accorded any of them as was given the Grand Army of the Republic.

History was made today, and Wednesday, September 29, will be indelibly marked upon the minds of the veterans so long as they may be spared and of the great multitude which honored them with its cheers and hand clapping and its flag waving.

Inspiring beyond words the parade has its pathetic side and touches with the patriotic recollections will be written memories of sorrow. At the end of the parade, out of the upper ranks of the line, because of infirmities, the disabled veterans, many of whom carried in their bodies today bullets received in battle half a century ago, there are those who lost one or both legs on the field of carnage, those who have met with accidents since the close of the war, and those whose feet have been chafed by time. They are just as inspiring, just as much of the patriotism of yesterday and today as their more fortunate brethren, and they bring forth cheers as well as tears.

Dozen Women Are Taken To Emergency Hospital

Among the veterans treated for exhaustion at Emergency Hospital were John P. Fisher, seventy-seven, Newark, Md., and Eli Long, seventy-three years, Dayton, Ohio. A dozen women were taken to Emergency Hospital who had become exhausted or had fainted during the parade, but all were able to leave after a few minutes and had been administered and they had spent a short time in the rest room.